SATYR

ON THE

POETS Of the Town.

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Sumite materiam vestri, qui scribitis æquam Viribus.—— Hor?

Writ by A. P.

IN Aged times when Nations waged War,
For Restitution of some beauteous Fair,
When Kings then to despotic in their sway,
Commands, and trembling Subjects did obey.
Nor was Revenge in latter Times,
For greater Evils, or, for greater Crimes.
Thought worthy of a Monarchs Care,
But for Regaining of some worthless Fair.
No Revenge so sure was given,
As stealing of some beauteous Woman,
Just so our Reverend POETS of the G——n
Employ the Press and Boys of all the Town,
With Writing on some silly Thing,
Regardless of their Nation, or their King.
No Gift, no Parish have they got,
A Terrible and shocking Thought,
Is all their Writings come to this,
Their Witty POEMS on 'little Miss,
Their Riddles too, a strange surprize,
Wrapt up in Lady C——t Eyes,
What, must not Namby Pamby too, be thought on,
That Pigmy Offspring of a Woman,
And he whose Verses seem to be
The Emblem of Rusticity.
What, must they all Neglected Ly,
The Marks of Frail Inconstancy,
Observe the Doctor, with Retir'd Thoughts,
Studiously Walking in the College Walks)
No Lord Lieutenant, nor no Lady Mair,
Shall e're Attract him to the Beau monde's Care,
But with a minde, thus Conscious of his Fault,
(Since all his Joys, and all his Hopes were baulkt)
Thinks himself realy bound to do,
What his great Genious prompts him to,
Thus Noble Minds, unactive for a while,
Whose Actions all seem'd Lau'd and still.
Tho' long in Luxury and Ease Inclin'd,
Forget the Properties of Noble minds,
Yet rouse to Horror, and to dreaded Dinns,
Of Martial Heroes, and of slaughter'd Kings.